

Wishes
Peace





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Voices of Peace

A MAGAZINE PUBLISHED BY
THE PAPYRUS CLUB OF PEACE, A JUNIOR COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

VOLUME IX

SEPTEMBER-DECEMBER, 1940

NUMBER 1



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“And a Little Child Shall Lead Them”

As I was walking by the sea,
There by the dunes I saw these three.

An old man shouldered a burden great;
His frame was bent beneath the weight.
I laughed, “You’ll never reach the road—”
“I know,” he sighed, and dropped his load.

A soldier young in gas mask gray
And uniform next came this way.
I smiled,—“A battle’s never won - - ”
“I know,” he cried, and dropped his gun.

A curly-headed child came soon,
And he was reaching for the moon.
I said, “You’ll never—” but on he ran;
“I know,” he sang—“I know - - I can!”

FRANCES RAINEY, '42

"Merry Christmas!"

She never remembered quite when or where she had first heard Tschaikowsky's *Nutcracker Suite*. It must have been some time in her last year at boarding-school, for before that she did not room close enough to the landing on the stairs where a wheezy old victrola ground out classical music even to hear it. During her senior year, however, she would lie awake in her small room and be borne away by winds of music, shaken by its storms, until she was almost dazed. She would be absolutely still, filled with a deep, inarticulate content, while the music shook the wall at her head; but for the last part of the *Nutcracker*, the "Valse des Fleurs," she could not stay calm. She would rise and walk about the room, arms flung out, head back, almost sobbing with the beauty and passion of the theme. She was never prepared for the waltz by the intellectual, pictorial ballets that preceded it, so that when the low, hesitant offering of the theme was made, and the harp cadenza began, she was always caught unawares, and swept on the crying, exultant flood to dreams and songs for which she had not a word.

In June, when she had stood on the platform, sick terror mounting inside her, and said her little speech of farewell, these nights had come back. As they rose about her, the carefully prepared platitudes had slipped away and, instead, she found herself telling them of hushed hours spent watching the moon rise through silent, black trees, or listening to the rain running through the gutters and seeping through leaves; telling them of times and places and loves that were in her blood forever. And through her quiet words, over and over again, there had risen the splendor and grief and acceptance of the waltz.

Then in the strange country reached after miles of travel and days of frightening experiences, something had happened to her. She had built a shell, outside of which moved a new self, laughing, talking, and unafraid of strangers' eyes. She, who had had such a fundamental need of music, listened to it no more. She spent her time adjusting herself to a way of life that was incomprehensible and faintly terrifying.

This Christmas, her first year away from home for the holidays, she was spending with her brother, ten years older than she, and even more adept at concealing his inner world from irreverent hands and eyes. She never spoke to him of personal matters. With him, she was that unfamiliar, tolerant, slightly cynical self acquired at school.

They decorated a small tree, so sturdy and gay that she did not let herself think of former years. Christmas morning, she awoke at eight-thirty,—who had never slept past six on this tremendous day before,—and waited for the shouting to begin. There was none. Then she found her brother attending to the furnace and, after watching him awhile, she said gravely, "Merry Christmas!" He turned and kissed her. "Merry Christmas, fair child." They went back into the room in which the tree stood. Below it was a single box.

(At home, there had been a chair, loaded with gifts, pushed against a bookcase. There had been a lumpy, ridiculous brown stocking hanging from a nail. There had been people watching eagerly while she untied each carefully wrapped gift.)

The one present was for her, from her brother. She gasped as the satin house-coat, glowing like a da Vinci cloak, spilled across the old couch. She put it on, turned to thank her brother, and saw he was standing by the door dressed to go out; he was asking if she wanted to pay visits with him. She shook her head. She did not want to pat a dog or look out a window while people she did not know smoked and drank and told stories whose points she never got. He left and she knew she would be alone for the rest of the day.

Moving softly through the house, she busied herself, still in the robe, in unaccustomed tasks of sweeping, of emptying ash-trays that made her a little nauseated. Going upstairs, she entered her brother's cold, musty room, dusted books and furniture, hung up clothes, made the bed. To rest awhile, she lay across the bed, and turned on the radio. Without warning, the jerky rhythm of the "Dance of the Reed Pipes" drummed against her ears. She became rigid as the slow, hesitant notes began, the harp cadenza questioned; and then wave after wave of music swept across her prostrate body. She flung her arm across her eyes and wept.

TONI NEWLAND, '41

Autumn—My Season

To me, the most beautiful season of the year is fall—fall with its dusky twilights, with its piquant odor of burning leaves. There is no time more exquisite; there is no weather more stimulating.

Take a sunny day in October. Against an azure sky, in dashing hues of deep red, russet, and golden yellow are painted the trees, standing proud in their brilliancy. The air is spicy; the wind, playful.

Still better, I like the damp gray weather of November. The ground is coated with a thick layer of bronze oak leaves, while here and yonder, just peeping out, are splotches of bright green winter grass. Against the heavy curtain of sombre sky, standing awkward in their embarrassment, are silhouetted the naked oak trees. Here and there a maple spreads its feathery skeleton like a fan.

Think of the associations that come with fall. It is in autumn that people's hearts grow cheery. As every leaf and twig is touched with frost, human breasts are filled with warmth. We are thankful for the bounty of food and comfort prepared for winter. We are thankful for our great store of happiness, for friendship, and for love. When are our souls more deeply stirred by human kinship? When are we more kind? More unselfish?

In fall, too, comes football with its colorful crowds, its enthusiasms, and its hilarity. Can a school girl be happier than when at a game, snugly wrapped in coats and rugs and decked in feathers and chrysanthemums? Yes, fall is the season of thrills.

How I love these glorious mornings. I love to take long strolls in the woods where bright leaves, just fallen, crackle and crunch beneath my feet; and the bristling squirrels rush about, busy with last minute preparations for winter. And on sunless days I love to gaze up into the sombre sky, to feel the chilling winds, and to drink in the rich spicy odors of the forest. Autumn—my season!

FLORENCE CRANE,
Eleventh Grade

Of All Her Bright Array

I saw a little maple tree
Upon a lonely hill;
Her dress was such a fantasy
A youthful maid 't would thrill.

Her outer skirt was blazing flame;
Her petticoat was gold.
She flounced herself without a shame—
A rare sight to behold.

The colors of the setting sun
Were woven in her gown;
The remnants of the past season
Were given as her crown.

I went back to this lonely hill
One day in gray December;
The little tree stood staunchly still
The dream dress to remember.

She had been stripped by gnashing gales
Of all her bright array;
Upon the ground her tattered veils
And trampled vestments lay.

SIDNEY ANN WILSON, '41

Posture and Character

I would grow strong, and straight, and staunchly tall—like yonder tree. No matter what a day may bring, she still must stand erect. Cold winds may blow and storms may rage; the oak tree cannot hang her leaf-crowned head and weep. Though lightning blows are imminent, she cannot fall and lie upon her bed in dark and drear despair. She must stand tall through every black and lonely night. I think it makes her braver, stronger, to “stand tall.” And when the sun does shine, she will be gayer, brighter, much more vivid to behold than if she were not used to holding high her head.

MARJORIE PATTERSON, '41

Notes on Armistice Day

Armistice Day, first celebrated as an anniversary in 1919, marked the end of the worst conflict man had ever known.

It also marked soldiers dropping their arms, mechanics returning to their trades, farmers going back to till their little plots of land, and families being reunited.

The peoples of all nations looked upon it as a day sacred to the ideal: "The war to end all wars."

Men said—and they firmly believed it—"The day has come when swords shall be beaten into plowshares."

Little did they dream, even the wisest among them, that before their generation should pass and before all the wounds of that conflict should heal, the grim specter of war would again stalk over a large part of the civilized world.

Today, in 1940, many of these same men again are on the fields of Mars; and—in many instances—at their sides march their sons born since that first Armistice Day.

In Europe there were air raids on November 11, 1940, while in America there were Armistice Day parades.

Armistice Day in 1940 meant little to anyone except Americans.

In America it does still mean something, something more than an ideal shattered, and something more than the call of bugles and the waving of flags.

That war of a generation ago, the end of which Armistice Day marks, was fought, in so far as America was concerned, to keep burning the lamp of Democracy.

The lamp of Democracy still burns, dimly it is true in most parts of the world; but in America as brightly as the mid-morning sun.

In America, and in America alone, could Armistice Day in 1940 really mean something that had endured.

I believe that Armistice Day will never die in America; for Democracy will never die in America.

CONNIE REDWINE,
Eleventh Grade

Notes on Thanksgiving Day

Every year during the month of November we, as a nation, celebrate Thanksgiving Day. To many of us it is just another holiday. Others of us look upon it with eagerness for various reasons; it may be because of that big football game with our favorite pigskin hero fighting for our team, or an out-of-town visit for the week-end, or even the annual family reunion with every member present, ready to partake of the delicious turkey, cranberry sauce, and pumpkin pie. But Thanksgiving does not mean merely a football game, a week-end visit, or a family reunion, but means primarily, *giving thanks*.

Three centuries ago, in November, 1621, the Pilgrims at Plymouth, after their terrible experience of the preceding winter, gave thanks for their first harvest. During the American Revolution, the Continental Congress recommended days of Thanksgiving. The first presidential Thanksgiving proclamation was given by George Washington at a somber period in the history of our nation. We had just won our independence and our country was resting in peace; but the question was, should we be strong enough to stand up and face the many hardships and trials that threatened us? But through our struggle we felt the omnipotent presence of our Father—guiding and helping us in all vicissitudes. Today, in 1940,

with Europe in a state of turmoil and bitter suffering, we are grateful for the peace and security that are to be found in our country.

Therefore, on this holiday, let us, individuals as well as nation, cease for a little while from our everyday activities and special festivities, and unite in the bonds of prayer, thanking God for the blessings that we have received, and are still receiving, as citizens of the "land of the free"—America!

KATHRYN BISCEGLIA, '42

Supplication—Thanksgiving, 1940

Lord of the sun and moon and stars,
Who givest Light to all who seek to see,
Who heaps on man a goodly, bounteous store,
With ever-grateful hearts we look to Thee.

For bursting granaries and harnessed power,
For right to think and speak aloud, and pray
For freedom and the truth that makes men free,
For these and all good things we hold today—
We thank Thee!

Lord of the harvest, of sowing and reaping,
God of the universe and all things creeping,
Lord of this free country, hear now our weeping
In pity and praise.

We, lifting our hands,
Still can perceive the bands
Holding our neighbor lands
Captive these days.

Do Thou Thy love release
Till all these strivings cease;
Bring us to lasting peace
In Thy blest Name.

Our Father and our Light,
Scatter the dark of night—
Overrule with Thy Right;
Hate put to shame.

For every gold-streaked day,
For all men in the Way,
For rightful thoughts today—
We humbly thank Thee!

For every war-flayed nation
Burdened with trepidation,
Borne down with tribulation—
We now beseech Thee!

Amen.

MARJORIE PATTERSON, '41

Midnight Extravaganza

(AUTHOR'S NOTE: Any resemblance whatsoever between any character in this story and any individual, living or dead, human, feline, or otherwise, is absolutely intentional.)

The rain splashed and the wind howled, as the giant stalked with heavy footsteps to the dim, mysterious Room of Books. Behind him paddled his faithful companion, Rosebuddy the wolf, with eyes that sparkled fire and teeth as sharp as a two-edged sword.

"Creak!" wailed the door as the giant, with his great hand, pushed it open, and "snap!" cried the overhead lights as he mashed the button. Then his deep, sonorous voice boomed forth "Twelve o'clock," and all the sleepy little fairies jumped, snatched their books, and flew, pell-mell, out of the Room of Books and up to their Eastern Bowery. Yes, up the stairs ran all the fairies with the exception of little Tiny who lived to the west in the House of Main, and she needs must pass through a long, narrow passageway and up two dark flights of stairs ere she gained her chamber. Tremblingly, she started down the darkened corridor and was almost to the first stairway, when a piercing cry escaped her. She could not even move, but stood as if rooted to the spot; for something soft and fuzzy had brushed across her leg, and now she could hear it creeping around behind her. Suddenly, as she peered strickenly into the darkness, something passed between her and the light of the outside lamp, shutting out even this street lamp's feeble glow, but outlining itself perfectly as it did so. It was Harry the Perse, the bob-tailed pet feline of Fairy Godmother Dean, and the secret terror of all the little fairies. Without even a glance as to the direction which Harry was taking, Tiny turned on her heels and flew down the rest of the corridor and didn't stop running until she reached the third floor of the House of Main. Pausing just a moment at the top of the second flight to catch her breath and make sure she was not being pursued, she heard something brush against the high dormer window, and without even stopping to consider that it might be a bough blown by the raging wind, she sped down the hall and into her own wee bower. For a moment, she stood before the window which opened on to a tiny porch, looking nervously into the impenetrable depths of the night; then, resolutely, she raised her low window almost a foot, and with shaking hands began to undress. Her prayers must have been very brief, for within three minutes they were said, her nightie was on with all the bows tied, and Tiny herself was snugly in bed, the covers drawn up tight over her head.

Slowly, the little clock on her bedside table ticked the minutes away and still Tiny could not sleep. At last, though, when she had counted as far as the nine hundred and ninety-ninth sheep, she drifted away into dreamland, but the nine hundred and ninety-ninth sheep must have been a black sheep; for instead of carrying her into the front door of Dreamland where all the sweet and lovely dreams are kept, he carried her into a narrow little side entrance and right into a chamber where were stored all the horrible, mean little dreams in existence. Within two minutes after entering this room of dreadful nightmares, Tiny was lost in the dream of herself being lost in a great dark woods in the midst of a raging storm, but the worst part of it was that she was being pursued by a huge, striped, bob-tailed animal with long and treacherous fangs and a snarl worse than a tiger's. Farther and farther into the dark depths she plunged, but faster and faster came the monster, until finally it seemed as if she could almost feel his hot breath upon her cheek and feel the weight of his paw upon her shoulder. Suddenly for no reason at all, Tiny awakened. For a minute, a chill went through her as she tried to decide if it were a dream or a reality; but finally concluding 'twas the former, she scrouged further into the warm haven of her blankets. But when she moved her arm she became conscious of something warm and heavy lying upon it.

At first, thinking she was still dreaming, she lay still; then, feeling a scorching breath upon her cheek, she became convinced that she was out of the land of dreams and back in the present. "Be calm, Tiny," she kept telling herself. "Just be calm now and think this thing through. Now, what could this be, that's lying on your arm? Let's see, it's—It's soft and fuzzy and hairy—and hairy," she repeated slowly to herself, "and hairy," she whispered; "and Harry!" she shrieked as she leaped from the bed and dashed into the hall and pounded upon the door of the room across the hall.

"Isn't it funny," say the little fairy pupils of Peascod Hall, "how queer Tiny Spright has grown? She'll never, never take a twelve o'clock light cut, and do you know that if she comes upstairs after dark someone always has to go in front of her and cut on all of her room lights." And then they lower their voices and glance toward the open door to make certain that the sharp-eared fairy nurse is not in hearing, and say, "She's surely going to die of consumption or something worse, we know, because not even on the warmest night will she sleep with her window open."

ISABELLE McKEITHEN, '41

Molar Pains

The final step had been taken. There was no turning back when once I walked through that dreaded portal which guarded the sanctuary of him who forced hideous cries of pain and terror from his tortured. The Circe of his domain appeared with an enchanting smile, and I was doomed. All hope gone, and feelings numbed, I was compelled by some strange force to follow her until we reached the torture chamber. Strange instruments leered down from their places high in the walls, and in the middle of the room stood one with gaunt arm outflung in a grasping motion. A throbbing began in my head; my hands were cold and clammy. Was there no escape? There was none—for in came the dentist.

JULIA HACKNEY, '42

Skirts

They're up! No, they're down! Skirts, I mean. One year you are dreadfully out of style and countrified unless all of your clothes have narrow, tight-fitting skirts not more than twelve inches off the floor; then, woosh, just as you've had the last hem taken out, up they go again. This time your skirt can't be much more than twelve inches in length, and it just has to be three yards around. It is no wonder "mothers get gray," especially if they have seventeen-year-old daughters who have to be right in style. Daughter says that people will laugh at her and that she won't get asked to go to this football game, or get a bid to that dance, unless she has the "latest little number on the market." Now, I ask you, don't you think that they could leave the styles alone for a year at least, and let us catch our breath?

ANNE CHUNN, '42



“Conversation at Midnight”

or

Anthropology B-2

Pass the sardines, Kaki. What do you mean, boys are all alike? You're bats. Males may be divided roughly (not too roughly—I have a suspicious appendix) into College Boys and Men. Right now, men think we're little more than something in a sweater and skirt between them and our older sisters. We will reluctantly pass them by until we've learned to pronounce Tschaikowsky without taking a breath and to talk of Freud without losing our appeal.

Right away, if you mention College Boys, the Campus Leader pops into our minds. He may be told as one a mile away in a driving rain because he always walks like a Howard of Virginia. He spends hours striding about in a turtle-necked sweater and a customs-made Woodman-of-the-World expression, with a pipe clenched between strong white teeth. He always calls boys by their last names, stridently suggesting the playing-fields-of-Eton. As you walk out of a room with him, he will stop short, clap on the shoulder a boy you know from Greenville, named Williams (nearly knocking him to the ground), and say, “Hello, Kulianski! Wish you were back in ole New York?” Later he remarks indulgently, “Just a homesick frosh I'm working up into college material.”

Have you ever passed a drugstore without seeing the Collegiate Lad leaning against it? You can't mistake him. He is clad hysterically in bright yellow pants, a green shirt, and blue-and-red checked socks stuffed rather inefficiently into depressed-looking moccasins. His hair-cut calls up a picture of a dipsomaniac in uncontrolled use of a lawn-mower. He is the love who takes a course in cattle-judging out at State and exercises this pretty new talent on every girl that passes. He may be identified by his constant and anatomical reference to the red-head at the cafeteria or the blonde back home. His activities consist of being always on the way to Flora MacDonald or just back from Woman's College. He is conversant with the latest arrangement by any obscure band-leader of any song with a title containing

"jump," "jive," "stomp," or "boogie." He will gladly spend hours with you in a drugstore watching you pay for your refreshments. At any moment, however, he will rise without explanation, cross the room, lean his elbow on a strange girl's shoulder, and drawl: "Hello, honey. My name's Tazzie. What's yours?" He knows the latest trends in fashions. That is, if you wear your hair short and duck-curled, he will whistle after a girl with smooth rolls around her face; if you grow yours and wear it in smooth rolls around your face, he will ask gently why you must try to look like the chaperon. His idea of entertainment is to start a joke, pause, remark that you aren't old enough yet, and refuse to tell you the rest of the story. You've probably told it to your dad anyhow. He also knows who Superman really is.

Then we have the Erudite Infant who came to school at the age of fourteen armed with a scholarship and an I-have-hard-work-to-do sort of attitude. He may be recognized by a tendency to shake hands in a man-to-man way while slapping you heartily on the back, and asking, "How's tricks, chum?" This raw Carnegie-ism is especially disconcerting if you have been considering yourself a pretty smooth blend of Hedy Lamarr and the girl who got Bill away from you at the beach. The Infant may be spotted halfway across the campus arguing with the Head of the Geology Department about a piece of pavement which he swears is diorite, probably Ancient Egyptian.

Menace to feminine self-respect though this painful prodigy may be, he pales to insignificance before the terrible Man of Sophistication. To this remote soul, you are nothing more than a highly painted low-relief, ineffectually concealing a complete blank.

Unshockable, this youth was reared on *Anthony Adverse* and the *Decameron*. At the age of six months, he wearily told his mother she knew where she could get off when she timidly inquired if he didn't want to go splash-splash in his itty-bittly tub. At twenty, he has seen the world and knows it isn't so much. If you eagerly produce a remark about New Trends in the Theatre which you've been saving ever since you were forced to read the *New Yorker* in the dentist's office, he blasts you with some remark about hopeless, horsey females with Phi Beta Kappa keys on their angular, shirt-waisted bosoms. If, instead, you appeal to his chivalry by acting the fragile flower of Southern womanhood, he becomes rude to the point of violence. If you are hateful, he surpasses your most lurid assertions; if you are sweetly indulgent, he sneers. The only way to get along with him is to endure and endure, and—never speak to him again. Then he will say you are sulking.

The last type of College Boy is the one I go around with.

Pass the sardines, Kaki. My throat's dry.

TONI NEWLAND, '41

VOICES of PEACE

VOLUME IX

SEPTEMBER-DECEMBER, 1940

NUMBER 1

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EDITORIALS

Wanted: More Voices

Has it ever occurred to you that "Voices of Peace" is not just a bunch of words strung together so we shall have a name to print on the cover of our magazine? It is supposed to designate what lies underneath that cover. "Voices of Peace" does not mean the voices of the editor and a few staff members and other Papyrians. It means the voices of all of you, all of you who have the ability or desire to write. In order that our magazine may really be voices of Peace, and since we cannot possibly recognize each potential contributor, won't you

help us out by making yourselves known? Think now, don't you have a literary gem tucked away somewhere? A product of that time when genius burned so brightly? If you do, now is the minute to bring it to the light, polish it, and give it to the staff. Or maybe you have had an experience that would make a clever story or sketch. In either case—well, we are always listening for new voices.

Women in Defense

On October 16, some 16,000,000 men between the ages of 21 and 35 were enlisted in the national draft training defense program. In September, 1940, over 150 girls' schools opened their doors to capacity enrollments. These men are going to be trained to carry guns, plan maneuvers, obey orders—in short, to live a soldier's life. These girls are going to learn languages, mathematics, sciences.

Roosevelt has said that we shall go to war only in defense of our country. While the sons, husbands, and fathers are learning to protect this nation, we are learning to stumble over French verbs, ponder algebra problems, and shudder over earthworms in biology.

What will happen if *they* come over here? Our men will shoulder guns and fight; we shall cower, weak and crying before the enemy, useless to the nation. It is true we can sew, cook, and "keep the home fires burning," but the average American girl of eighteen knows little or nothing about practical nursing, driving a truck, or planning on a large scale. Why not leave the woman over forty to keep the home fires burning, and let the others from sixteen or eighteen up receive national training for a year? Within twelve months, a well-rounded program of nursing, simple mechanics, and economics could be taught, with great benefit to ourselves and the defense of our country.

We do not argue that we should merely cast away college and high school educations as being useless; but they would be fully as useful to us, after a year's interval, as will the deferred college careers of the boys and men now in training.

We of the curly hair and lacquered nails are very happy in exquisite evening skirts; how should we feel in khaki? We are adept in the art of make-up; could we bandage a broken arm?

It is a vital problem facing us. Are we to continue to be afraid of war, afraid to face its realities; or are we to be proud to help in the defense of this, our American nation?

F. R.

"Rosebuds While Ye May"

The staff wants to toss a nosegay of appreciation and thanks to Amelia Hinkle for the cut on page 11, and for the new finger-painting design on the cover. The cut on page 3 is the work of our one "prep" Papyrian, Florence Crane.

PEPPERPOT

Chit-Chat

Being an aimless discussion of this, that, and, on Tuesdays, the other. Just what I saw and you heard, and wasn't it funny?

Seen, the other day, in "Patter from Peace," our gossip column in the Raleigh papers, a rather challenging item. . . . "The girls pouring excitedly over their proofs . . ." Really, now, we doubt if even a Peace girl with one of those celebrated liquid Southern accents could turn off that little trick!

No doubt, some of you have seen the self-deprecatory sign erected by the Wilmington Junior Chamber of Commerce on one of their apologetic city's main avenues:

"Drive with consideration.
It would be a pity
To be killed in *our* city!"

How about this ad caught in a Peking paper? "All kinds of Art corners and hooks sold here. The most convenient way to hang photographers." When does the next boat leave for the Orient? You should have seen our last pictures!

And again, in Shanghai: "Baggage taken and delivered in all directions."

But a little personal touch might be refreshing here. A strangely prophetic atmosphere was lent to a prep. English class when Sarah Emily Parker, in answer to a request to conjugate the verb "to be," intoned: "I am to be, you are to be, he is to be . . ."

We had an awful feeling that Mr. Wendell Willkie was going to be nominated for Miss Peace. After all, some intrepid Republican put up his name for chief marshal.

Let us lend our support to various praiseworthy projects and promotions observed on the campus. Such as Edwina's earnest, unremitting reducing; Jean Batchelor's helpful activities connected with laundry bags; and Peg Mercer's meteoric rise to a place with the privileged twelve.

"Who dun it" stories have always had a peculiar fascination for us; so, from now on, "Chit-Chat" will sponsor a list of sayings of which you will try to guess the faculty authors:

1. "Grendel's dam—his mother."
2. "Up in Maine . . ."
3. "I found a little note from Miss McLelland under my napkin ring."

Anyone who guesses all three will not be reported to the Dean!

Until next time!

TONI

To Robert Herrick

"Gather ye rosebuds while ye may":
I learned this long ago.
One question, master poet, please:
Where do the rosebuds grow?

FRANCES RAINEY, '42

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Cleaners

Capital Laundry

Oak City Laundry

Clothing and Department Stores

Boylan-Pearce

Ellisberg's

Hudson-Belk

Preston's

Taylor's

Colleges

Meredith

Queen's

Creameries

Pine State

Drug Stores

Coxe-Ferguson

Furniture

Tucker Furniture

Grocery Stores

Piggly-Wiggly

Ice and Coal

Capital Ice & Coal

Insurance

Frank M. Harper

Moore & Johnson

Jewelers

Balfour

Photographers

Siddell

Sporting Goods

Lewis

Sunday Schools

Edenton Street Methodist

Transportation

Carolina Coach

Strop Taxi

Wholesale Dealers

Barbour Produce

Brogden Produce

Garland Norris

Dillon Supply Company

W. H. King Drug Company

Lance Packing Company

George Marsh

Southern School Supply

Job P. Wyatt & Sons

